

EXHIBIT AA

Rosen, Eric (USAMA)

McGlashan script –

- Intro and courtesies -
 - Bill, how's it going?
 - I'm up in Sacramento, which is why I couldn't meet you yesterday. Essentially, I called my old lawyer, Don, and he told me to fly up immediately, so I did. I'm glad I did, because he talked off the ledge a bit, I think I'm ok. I probably over-reacted a little bit, but I still want to talk this out.
- Plot -
 - Let me tell you a little bit of what happened, and I want to get your thoughts and advice on what to do.
 - So you know Mark Riddell - Mark is the guy who took the test for [REDACTED] down in LA at Igor's school, **remember? Right?** So he comes out to LA every once in a while, he has family here, which is how we actually met back in the day. Anyway, so a week or so ago, Mark I guess is in town, and he calls me. Which is weird because he never calls me. The guy is about 20 years younger than me, we're not friends. He wants to meet for a coffee.
 - I go to meet Mark in LA (where in LA?, make it real), and Mark tells me that the week before he had been interviewed by an IRS Agent in Florida about payments from my Foundation. As you know, when families pay me for either the testing like you did or the side-door, it goes into my Foundation, and then I pay out to whoever needs to be paid **like I did with you, right? - I wrote checks to Mark and Igor** after the exam, that way there is no connection between you and them, RIGHT????
 - Ok, I asked Mark, well, what did they talk to you about? And he tells me that he hadn't been declaring the payments from my Foundation as income on his tax returns ... and that the agent had been asking him about the payments. Apparently he had been declaring them as gifts, which was incredibly stupid. He didn't want to pay taxes on them.
 - But the agent, he said, was really focused on the Foundation ... kept asking, "what do they do? How do you know them? What services he provides for them?" Now Mark does tutoring as well, so he just told them he was tutoring for my "underserved" kids, which is what I write on the checks, so its all good.
 - [Joke about IRS agent being a "gal" in her 20s, dumb as a rock. They didn't send their A-Team]
 - So I freaked out ... I assumed that the IRS had wired up my phone, bugged my house, tracking my car. I was looking for the GPS tracker under my bumper. I was on the ledge. Don, best criminal guy in Sacramento, told me to relax. He explained to me how hard it was to get a wiretap, said it would take months. So I'm a little more chill now than when I called you a few days ago. But I still wanted to use this phone to call, which is my kid's old phone.
 - So tell me what you think? [anything else]

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*Please keep this
between me & you.*